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Moving day blues

by Will Nicholls

It's been a hectic couple of weeks. Anyone who has moved and changed addresses recently knows what I mean. Everything starts out well and follows a well-thought-out plan. But as they say about the best-laid plans of mice and men, they often go awry. I found lost items from the last move and lost them again, possibly in the same dark corner as the items from this move that I still can't locate.

I haven't yet sorted through all the boxes but am doing the best I can. My biggest helper - and challenge - is my almost four-year-old son, Hunter.

Anyone one with young kids knows what I mean. You can't deny their assistance without repercussions and tears. All of your most kid-dangerous belongings are somehow easily accessible no matter how much you try to hide them. Every fragile item you own is an object of interest to children of this age.

As a result, I have no real editorial position this week. I could talk about the Canadian federal elections and the American-style attack ads but I have no desire to join in the battlefield at this time. Let the Conservatives. NDP and Liberals do their thing. Kudos to the other parties for staying out of it.

I could give a thumbs-up to the Montreal police for signing on to an initiative on missing and murdered Aboriginal women. They deserve praise



"Moving Day", Montreal, about 1930

for their willingness to address this and other Aboriginal issues. It's a significant step that surprised a lot of people - and is a new beginning for Montreal police to interact with Aboriginal Peoples on a basis of understanding and respect.

I could talk about how the Board of Compensation/ CreeCo Golf Benefit raised \$43,000 for Willie's Place in Vald'Or and what it means to the people who need it so much. You know many Cree and non-Cree supported giving a helping hand to those in need.

There are a lot of things I could have addressed but moving took up most of my time and energy this past week. Strong opinions will be back and running next issue, when my back has healed from carting a home's belongings to and from the moving truck. Thanks for understanding.

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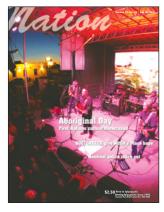
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Florent Vollant performs at Val-d'Or Aboriginal Day celebration

To golf or not to golf, that's not a question

by Sonny Orr



I let go with a hard drive, propelling the golf ball a mere 75 metres, slicing a bit to the right, as the other golfers attacked the golfballpickerupper vehicle - a modified ATV driven by a combat-hardened kid. Looking a bit like the driver of the Popemobile, he crawled by under an artillery barrage of golf balls pinging off his protective plexiglass shell as the rest whizzed by.

Teeing off, I readied my aim and swung. Immediately, my right hand looked as if someone ripped the skin and muscle off my hand and I screamed in amazement and then I screamed again in pain. Tsk-tsking me, veteran golfers continued swinging, aiming at the moving golfballpickerupper, all smirking at my naiveté and agony. My buddy, who looked a bit more concerned than the others, offered a few tips and his construction gloves. After the redness cleared from my brain, I gamely teed off again and managed a few hundred yarders. Amazingly, I was actually hitting the ball on the first swings and the smile returned to my face.

Golf, the majestic game of Scots and hockey players on losing teams. The game even midgets could play, a pastime that precedes Facebook by a few centuries or so. A game that legitimately announced to your better half that therapeutic actions of walking, hitting and drinking cold beers afterwards made you a better person. And that peace and complacency at home is the by-product that far outweighs bowling with the buddies and looking ridiculous.

Besides personally endorsing someone else's already rich sports franchise by buying their caps, posters and jerseys, golf remains a sport of rather personal expense. Aside from paying for lessons, it remains pretty cheap as far as the wardrobe is concerned. The clubs, though, are pretty damn expensive. But they can last for years, not accounting for the occasional fit of golf rage when you throw your favourite putter in the pond, the clubs can actually appreciate in value over the decades. Of course, there is the privilege of getting a membership at a golf resort, but, if you have to complain about the cost, then play something else, somewhere else.

Yes, golf is a gentleman's game, played with the ferocity of a wolf in lamb's clothing and the cheekiness of the Scot's kilt, making anyone worthy of the game. After all, it's one against all the other ones in this game. A game that if played properly and professionally, can take you around the globe. In Great Whale River, a slightly underused golf course is quietly waiting for hockey gods or other sports greats to show up and endorse their favourite choice for charities. I for one would like to see a tee off between Bobby Orr and Carey Price on the Whapmagoostui greens.

In the case of Great Whale, the incredible roughness of the terrain makes this nine-hole course hard for guys like Tiger Woods, who depend on smooth-cut grass to make the final putt. It's tundra moss and blackberry bushes all the way with some artificial (plywood) green around the holes that make it nearly impossible to make par. In Scotland, at least there are the pesky briars to contend with and steep cliffs to avoid that make GWR a close contender for roughness. The only way to go under par here is to make a hole-in-one.

I swing again, my club missing the little ball and my back goes out a bit. The smart smack of club hitting ball and satisfaction of seeing a white orb disappear is yet to be felt by me. I may not be a tiger, but swinging is in my nature.

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Newly signed agreements of collaboration between the Montreal police service and Montreal's Native community are based around four goals: education, networking, prevention and the development of a groundbreaking protocol for cases of missing and murdered Indigenous women.

As co-president of le RÉSEAU, the Montreal Urban Aboriginal Strategy NETWORK, and executive director of the Montreal Native Women's Shelter, Nakuset and her partners have long recognized the need for collaboration and communication between the Montreal Police and the support network of Native organizations around Montreal.

The agreements are testament to the hard work and dedication of Nakuset, the members of le RÉSEAU, all of the local organizations that provide help and support for First Nations in the city, and the openness of Police Chief Marc Parent and the Service de la Police de la Ville de Montréal (SPVM).

Her colleagues Jennifer Brazeau (a RÉSEAU coordinator), Alana Boileau (of Quebec Native Women Inc.) and Rachel Deutsch (the manager of the Cabot Square Project) all played important roles in bringing about this partnership

and drafting the documents that were signed on June 25 during a press conference at police headquarters in downtown Montreal.

"I'm extremely proud to be a part of this historic collaboration," said Nakuset. "This agreement was lead by the NETWORK's social service committee who was concerned about the relationship between the police and Aboriginal people."

However, these agreements are only a first, significant step towards addressing issues like Aboriginal homelessness, alcohol and drug abuse, mental health, violence, missing and murdered Indigenous women, and systemic, institutional racism and oppression which are a reality for many Aboriginals living in Montreal.

Cultural training for Montreal police officers will include the history of residential schools and the Sixties Scoop. The training is already underway and should be completed by the end of July. The SPVM has also pledged to offer resources and assistance to each of Montreal's Indigenous support organizations, and designated Officer Carlo Deangelis as an official liaison officer with Montreal's Aboriginal community.

"Now is the time for reconciliation," Nakuset declared, referencing the recent recommendations of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. "This is an opportunity for the Aboriginal community to develop a meaningful partnership with the police. This collaboration will allow the SPVM to gain a better understanding of urban Aboriginal realities through education and cultural awareness training... in the hopes of reducing the numbers of Aboriginal people in the criminal justice system."

Nakuset said the training and programs being put into place as well as the protocol for missing and murdered Indigenous women, which will be developed with the help of Aboriginal families who have lost their loved ones, are intentionally designed to be easily implemented by any public or government entity.

"What's really great about the training is that it can be implemented everywhere," she told *the Nation*. "It's not just going to be for the police, we can have it in hospitals, we can have it in drug rehabilitation centres."

Nakuset said she is thrilled but also anxious to get going on the action plan, as the signing is only the beginning.

"I'm optimistic, and I'm also involved. I'm going to be meeting with them [the SPVM] and making sure they're accountable. We need to make effective change. You know, it's like the seventh generation. We have to make sure that my kids, and my grandkids and great grandkids, that Montreal is going to be a good place for them, and this is a start."

First Nations, Inuit and Métis who come to Montreal with little knowledge or understanding of the city and its urban environment too often fall through the cracks as they are isolated from their culture and their communities. The SPVM will be collaborating with le

RÉSEAU and the rest of Montreal's Native organizations to effectively address ongoing critical issues that affect the city's growing Aboriginal community.

Also present at the press conference were Timothy Armstrong, First Nations activist, musician and radio personality who performed an honour song over the proceedings, Alan Gull, street intervention specialist and court worker for the Native Para-Judicial Services of Quebec, Wayne Robinson, coordinator of les Projets Autochtones du Québec and Philippe Meilleur, executive director of Montreal Native Community Development Centre.





Marking the way

How one man is fighting the James Bay Highway's pothole epidemic

by Jeremy East

Waskaganish's Ryan Erless is no stranger to the James Bay Highway (JBH). He's traveled up and down the 620 kilometres of the decaying two-lane road too many times to count. Like many Crees, Erless knows the highway's most infamous potholes, cracks and bumps well enough to mark them on a map. After a particularly treacherous trip south in early June, he decided to do the next best thing to repairing the roads.

Throughout June, Erless marked the highway's most dangerous potholes with bright orange pylons in an effort to help motorists identify them from a safe distance.

"The bumps and curves are bad, but the potholes look like they're getting worse," said Erless. "Between km 178 and 150, it's really bad. Things get even more dangerous when it's raining. The potholes fill with water and you don't know how deep they are."

For many travellers, road conditions on the highway are a source of increasing concern. The James Bay Highway Road Conditions Facebook group is currently one of the most popular Creeadministered sites on the web, with over 4,400 members. By comparison, the Grand Council page and Eeyou Eenou Police page both have fewer than 3,000 followers.

The Road Conditions group paints a grim picture of the James Bay Highway, with some travellers posting photo after photo of potholes deep enough to stand in. Others post warnings about which sections of the highway could cause a lost hubcap, burst a tire or blow out a car's suspension.

The Société de développement de la Baie-James (SDBJ) has been responsible

for the highway's maintenance since 2002, with a large part of their maintenance budget for the JBH being contributed by Hydro-Québec. However, the crown corporation cut its annual contribution last year by 40%. Erless says those cuts get deeper with each passing vehicle, and that his trips down the JBH since the snow melted tell him that road conditions are getting dangerously worse.

"I'm hoping people will see my pylons and know that the road needs fixing," said Erless. "We always talk about the road on Facebook or somewhere else, but there's nothing being done about it. This is just a little thing I hope will create attention of the need to fix the roads."

Some of that attention is already on its way. In April, Quebec Transport Minister Robert Poeti announced that \$97.5 million would be invested over five years into repairing the JBH as part of the Couillard government's modestly rejuvenated Plan Nord. Details behind this pledge remain vague, but the investment would be the largest since the JBH was built in the early 1970s. However, travellers like Erless aren't convinced that the slow drip of construction funds will be enough to render the route safe for northern drivers.

"There's 600 kilometres worth of road that need to be fixed; \$97 million is not going to do very much, especially when some potholes aren't fixed properly and become a problem again every spring," Erless said.

In the meantime, Erless said he would continue to mark any potholes he comes across with cones, and encourages other travelers to do the same.







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Inuit woman murdered in Montreal

The death of Nellie Angutiguluk, a 29-year-old Inuit woman found in a Côte-des-Neiges apartment on May 19, has now been ruled a homicide by Montreal police.

When Angutiguluk's body was discovered following a 911 call, her death was immediately considered suspicious. Now, more than six weeks later, following an investigation and an autopsy report, the police have ruled it a murder.

Angutiguluk frequented the Chez Doris women's shelter and is the latest of 13 homicides to have taken place in Montreal this year.

Police are asking anyone who knew the victim or has any information regarding the case to come forward or anonymously share what they know via Info-Crime at 514-393-1133.

Since there are no suspects and no known motives, a homicide investigation is now underway. The police set up a command centre outside Angutiguluk's apartment on July 2 to canvas the neighbourhood for leads and to find out more about the victim and her routines.

Moose Factory artist up for music honour

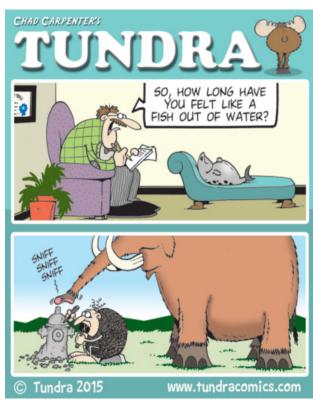
Thelma Cheechoo-Moore of Moose Factory has been nominated for Best Country Album at the Indigenous Music Awards, which will be held in Winnipeg September 11. Cheechoo, who currently resides in Yellowknife, the Northwest Territories, launched her album *Stay* last fall. It reached #30 on the iTunes charts, Top 10 on the National Aboriginal Charts and #4 on College Radio.

Stay is up against Armond Duck Chief's The One, Bob E. Lee West's

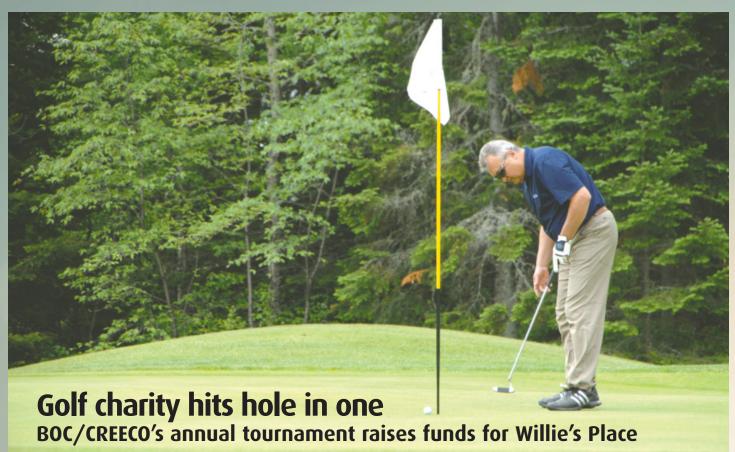


Thelma Cheechoo-Moore

The Tree, Jody Thomas Gaskin's Born on the Rezz and Kimberley Dawn's Til the Cowboys Come Home. Public voting for the 2015 Indigenous Music Awards is now open at www.aboriginalpeopleschoice.com







by Amy German

While periodic rain throughout the day may have made the greens a bit slower, BOC/CREECO's annual golf classic bested its goal in a benefit for Willie's Place, the day centre for the homeless in Val-d'Or.

According to CREECO President Jack Blacksmith, Willie's Place was a timely choice as this year's beneficiary since the new organization has been struggling in recent months, having to temporarily close down for financial reasons.

"Our goal was to raise over \$30,000, but we did better than expected and were able to raise \$43,000," said Blacksmith. "We are very happy with this. It's just amazing! Helping Willie's Place was very well received as we had invited all of Willie Hester's family."

Opened just before Christmas, the centre is a collaborative effort between various health and social service organizations in Val-d'Or, including the Native Friendship Centre, to provide the city's homeless with a warm and welcoming venue during the day as an alternative to the streets. Many of the homeless individuals who frequent the facility are Aboriginal.

The former bar in the Chateau Louis Hotel was named for Willie Hester, a Cree who recently passed away after spending many years on the streets of Vald'Or, where he was seen as a leader among the homeless.

"Willie's Place had to shut down for a while earlier this year because of a lack of funds. But now they have reopened and they are going to do a lot of good things. I really wish them all the best," Blacksmith added.

Blacksmith said that out of the 144 available playing spots in the tournament, 125 golfers participated in the event, which was held at Val-d'Or's Club de Golf le Belvedere June 18.

The evening's entertainment featured Kitigan Zibi's Algonquin Avenue Band. Blacksmith said the band was a hit, playing everything from rock to country and getting the crowd moving.

Raising money for worthy organizations, like Willie's Place, is a big part of BOC/CREECO's annual tournament as a way to help those in need.

"Whenever CREECO does a tournament, we look at where we can put the money raised. If anyone else has any suggestions about where we can put that money, we are open to hearing from them. Last year we helped special-needs children, and for next year we want pick another organization," said Blacksmith.

Blacksmith said that anyone who has a suggestion for a beneficiary for next year's event should pick up the phone and give him a call.





Caroline Stockli

St-Bruno-de-Guigues, Nurse Team Leader

"I was promoted to the position of Nurse Team Leader in April, 2012. Currently, my biggest challenges consist of keeping up the pace, monitoring the evolution of the project and mobilizing my team. Every day, I have the opportunity to learn, contribute ideas and hone my skills in occupational health and safety."

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Montreal's Aboriginal Day began with a group of young people carrying painted figures with huge, oversized heads on their shoulders down Place d'Armes in Old Montreal.

Swaneige Ber carried a giant figure whose face looked like the sun, with human features.

She was one of a group of around eight youth who worked on the figures, and painted their features, at Terres en Vues, the Montreal-based Aboriginal arts and culture organization.

"It was like kindergarten for adults," joked Swaneige.

For Swaneige, Aboriginal Day is about showing people First Nations

cultures are still here – and are alive and thriving.

"We are Canada. We are First Nations. And we're not a forgotten people. I can't scream it louder than putting a big sun above my head!" she joked.

Place d'Armes is a large square, with a statue featuring the "founder" of Montreal, Paul de Chomedey, sieur de Maisonneuve, who led a violent war against the Iroquois in the early days of French colonization.

André Dudemaine, the founder and director of Terre en Vues, organized the event. He said the central location works well, that it broadcasts to the city of Montreal that Aboriginal people are still here, that their presence is important and their culture is strong.

"These cultural activities reestablish our connection to this land," explained Dudemaine. "As Indigenous nations, we were important in the development of the city. The fur trade was critical to it, and we were instrumental in it."

Some of the highlights of the celebration included a powerful opening by a Mohawk Elder, who thanked everything on earth that sustains us.

"Thank the sun for our warmth, the moon for light, the animals for their hide and food, everything in creation," he said.



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THERE WERE FIVE (5) NOMINEES, NAMELY, <u>ABEL</u> <u>BOSUM, ASHLEY ISERHOFF, MATTHEW MUKASH,</u> <u>LINDA L. SHECAPIO, AND KATHLEEN J. WOOTTON.</u>

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02 DATE June 22, 2015



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His presentation was followed by musical performances, from drummers to singers.

When loud church bells started to ring in the middle of their set, a group of three female vocalists showed no sign of stopping and carried on, singing and drumming over the bells.

"We have some interference from the church," one singer wryly observed.

A large number of spectators had gathered and seemed to genuinely enjoy the festivities.

One, Yamina Benazine, was struck by the performances. Originally from Algeria, she said the music and the dresses reminded her of home. She only wished her children had been there to witness the event.

"It's important to celebrate the culture and difference. With modernization, sometimes the culture can be lost. But it is amazing, and it should be celebrated," she said.

Val-d'Or

Val-d'Or's Aboriginal Day saw its largest turnout yet. Edith Cloutier, executive director of the Val-d'Or Native Friendship Centre, said that some 3,000 people showed up.

"This year we had a record turnout. We had beautiful weather. It's been six years since our first event. And now we see that it's an event that's well known in Val-d'Or and the surrounding region," explained Cloutier.

The highlights included musical performances by Samian and Florent Vollant. Cloutier said that the artists appealed to a wide range of people.

Vollant is best known for his work with the seminal First Nations group Kashtin. And Samian, a member of the Abitibiwinni First Nation who raps in Algonquin and French, appeals to a younger generation that is drawn to his powerful message of self-determination and pride in Aboriginal cultures.

Cloutier said the growing number of non-Aboriginals showing up to Aboriginal Day events can improve relations between Native and non-Native peoples.

"We're all sharing this land and territory," she explained. "We might as well do it in a way that we can share opportunities to learn about one another. By doing that, we create a better society for our children."







Coming down from the mountain

by Isaac Voyageur

"Shouk George, we're almost there." These words pierced the frigid air on a bitter cold February morning. We barely took ten steps and George refused to move because of the weight of our gear on the sled. How were we going to do this?

Starting out, we still had 400 kilometres to go and things weren't going well already. We needed George and he wasn't moving. I looked forward in the distance where everyone headed, some well on their way. I looked behind me, and there was no one there.

Something had to be done. I secured some rope onto the front of the sled and began pulling as well. George, a stray town dog, sensed this and made a feeble attempt to pull the sled with me. George was right, the sled did seem heavy.

This was the start of an incredible journey.

We were a group of 14 people trekking from Nichicuon to Mistissini on snowshoes in support of the Annual Journey of Wellness aided by dog-team. The trip was to take 30 days, through soft snow, mountains, frozen lakes and rivers, all of this with barely eight hours of daylight in a day.

I had heard of the majestic Otish Mountains through conversations with the other members prior to departure. Their stories of the mountains were in my thoughts for the next few days. We would have to cross these mountains.

A week into the trek, I saw a thin blue line in the horizon, the Otish Mountains were now in view. George and I stood for a moment on the frozen lake and looked at the mountains. From what I could now see, it did look like an impenetrable wall; the mountains' secrets and experiences would have to be

earned. I knew George and I needed each other at this point, he needed me to guide him, he would pull our gear. George knew I held the spoon for his feedings; he was now pulling his weight.

Setting up camp was a unique challenge every evening. Canvas tents, a small wood stove, with sites chosen by the availability of firewood. Wood for heat, to melt snow for water and cooking, boughs for the floor and shelter for our dogs were all vital to our daily progress.

We were now at the base of the mountain, it was to be a gradual climb. The other side was to be the best, as it would seem we were on top of the world.

There was a something strange in the air as we trudged along with our climb on that first day. My late father had spoken to me about this sense I was feeling, there was a storm coming and as we approached the peak on the second day it hit with a vengeance. The storm's winds blew so intensely our group could barely hear each other when we spoke. The blizzard lasted two days and I was glad for the company of others. We needed the shared strength, the comfort in knowing that we were all on this trip together. No one, not even George, was going to be left on this mountain.

After many hours, the skies grew quiet and the storm finally subsided leaving our tents buried in three feet of new snow. With the snow I couldn't



remember where I had secured George. After calling his name, I heard a soft whimper beside the tree that seemed to resemble the one I had tied George to a couple days ago. I had only fed him twice since the storm hit. George was just as happy as I was to see him. We had survived the storm.

The sky gave way to a nice blue colour and for the first time I realized we were on top of the mountain looking down the other side. Our group was excited and the dogs seemed to sense this: we were coming down from the mountain. The trek would be easier now.

Three days later, I looked back and realized how far we had come; the mountains were long behind us.

Little did I know that the struggle of this journey and the days spent sheltering from that storm would shadow me throughout my life.

Today is June 12. It would have been Reyna's 18th birthday. It has been three and half years since she left. I have since come to realize the amazing faith one possesses in times of trial.

We all have some degree of faith that works for us, provided it is put in the right place.

During my policing career, I remember standing in front of a sick man who refused to be seen by a doctor or nurse. With a Bible in one hand, he said it, and Jesus would heal him. I wasn't prepared to counter that, instead agreeing with him, replying that our Creator placed specialists into our everyday lives. We go to doctors and nurses for our health, we ask for guidance from church ministers when confronted with incomprehensible situations, and we ask for help from our police service whenever we have a situation we can't deal with ourselves.

I told him I agreed that his faith was all well and good, but it would do more for him if he placed it in the doctors, who were here to help him. He looked at me for a moment, then he said, "You're absolutely right, I will place my faith in the doctors and nurses." He went to see a specialist and he hasn't been sick since.

We recently lost five hunters in a tragic accident. When I heard this sad news, the term "hunters" was repeated again and again, and I knew why as I had hunted with some of these boys in early January 2015. I remember when we drew fish from our nets, the pride in our faces at the very thought of providing food for our families. The thought of sharing our good fortune with friends and family, seeing my grandchildren eating at my table after a hunt certainly appealed to me. This is the Cree way of sharing and it extends from the simple offering of food to the light offered by others in dark times. It's what makes our communities strong.

On this day...Reyna's day, I realize that I am still coming down from the mountain. Tragedy and loss are the tallest peaks. However, reflecting back to where I have placed my faith and taken refuge it was in the people the Creator has strategically placed, not only on that mountain, but also in my life over the years. It is the people who pulled me up when I fell, and encourage me to continue when all seems hopeless. A handshake and a smile should not be underestimated, as it is often all we need to take those next few steps on our journey.

I hope this story helps to ease the pain in some small way for anyone who has lost someone. There are angels amongst us.

Too much rocking

A trip to Rockfest ends painfully for two Chisasibi residents

by Jesse Staniforth

When Gregory Louttit and his girl-friend Marjorie Herodier made the long drive to the Ottawa area for Amnesia Rockfest, they were hoping to hear some of the biggest names in music – Tenacious D, System Of A Down, Rob Zombie and Snoop Dogg. They did get to hear a couple of the groups they'd traveled so far for – The Offspring and Linkin Park. But when Snoop Dogg came on, they were only able to hear him from a distance – because they were getting loaded into an ambulance, after falling 10 metres from the top of a ferris wheel.

"Me and my nephew went the day before, and we were rocking the chair," he said. "On the ferris wheel there's no sign that says 'No Rocking the Chair' or anything like that." The next day, Louttit, Herodier, his nephew and her brother went on the wheel again.

"It went around two or three times, and I was rocking it. My girl-friend was taking video. Then all of a sudden, the [guard] I was holding on to just came off. It just popped open. The next thing I knew I hit steel bars on my way down, like two or three times, before I finally hit the ground. I couldn't breathe at all. Everybody moved toward me, and I was like, 'Get the hell away from me! You're breathing all my air!"

Now the pair are stuck in Gatineau. Louttit suffered torn ligaments in his knee and a fractured shoulder blade, while Herodier has a dislocated hip and five fractured ribs.

"Plus a bunch of cuts and scrapes," he added. "We've got bruises everywhere. But I'm getting better and better every day. I'm getting more and more independent. I can't really use my leg. I'm using a leg-brace."

Herodier, he said, is in the hospital for the foreseeable future: she can't walk yet, and could be there between a couple of weeks and a month. Louttit is awaiting surgery on his knee. He has a friend who can give him a drive home to Chisasibi, but he's in enough pain that he worries that the long and bumpy ride over the James Bay Highway will be intolerable and doesn't want to leave without Herodier. Back in Chisasibi, he works as a security guard at the pool and supports her.

"I'm missing work right now," he said. "I was about to sign a contract, and I don't know what's going to happen with the contract because I just got injured. I won't receive any income."

People have told him that he should sue Rockfest's organizers, but the prospect of taking legal action is daunting.

"I don't know how suing people works. People are telling me we should sue them, but it seems really complicated. I'm not sure if I'm going to do it or not. But I'd like to get some sort of compensation," he said.

At the moment, Louttit is paying for everything out of his own pocket. He said he expected that Cree Patient Services would offer more than they have so far, and he's disappointed that they haven't taken better care of him.

"Cree Patient Services didn't want to do anything with me, for some reason," he said. "It's weird. I called them and spoke to the lady. She said that if I was kept in the hospital for 24 hours, which I wasn't, then CPS would have taken care of me. But it's crazy. They just kicked me out of the hospital. I had to find my own place to stay."



However, because Louttit needs to return to hospital for surgery, he has been told that CPS will take care of him then. Until then, it's just a matter of passing the time with friends in Gatineau.

A communications representative for Amnesia Rockfest, Caroline Bergevin, could not confirm the organization's official position on the accident.

"I cannot comment on the incident," she said. "I really don't know what happened, what they did, and why they fell off. I just know that everything was made to be secure and that everyone could get out. The paramedics came and everything was good, so they suffered only minor injuries. I'm not sure at all what happened there. But I've reached out to the owner of the ferris wheel and he told me the Régie du bâtiment du Québec has inspected the ferris wheel and everything is up to standard."



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-Dr. Elaine Innes M.D., CCFP

MoCreebec has come a long way since the association was established back in 1980. MoCreebec offers a variety of programs and services designed to serve the MoCreebec community, in areas such as health, housing, employment, education, and communication.

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The Nation has gone digital.



"What is good about this agreement is that it ensures that the Crees are able to participate in any of the extraction industry related to the Éléonore mine. This is one part. The second part is that it allows the Crees to ensure that all mining activity is done according to Cree values and vision in respect to the long-term use of the land, the continuation of cultural activities.



Opinagow Agreement finally released Deal signed in 2011 details benefits for Wemindji from Éléonore gold mine

by Amy German

Wemindji's golden opportunity for the creation and operation of the Éléonore gold mine – detailed in the Opinagow Collaboration Agreement – finally became public June 19, save for the deal's financial terms. It's been more than four years since Goldcorp, the

It's been more than four years since Goldcorp, the Cree Nation of Wemindji, the Grand Council of the Crees (Eeyou Istchee) and the Cree Nation Government signed the deal on February 21, 2011.

The agreement outlines a collaborative agreement for the development and now operation of the mining project that would provide economic benefits for all parties involved.

"What is good about this agreement is that it ensures that the Crees are able to participate in any of the extraction industry related to the Éléonore mine," said Andrew Baribeau, a former member of the Grand Council of the Crees and now the GCC's mining advisor. "This is one part. The second part is that it allows the Crees to ensure that all mining activity is done according to Cree values and vision in respect to the long-term use of the land, the continuation of cultural activities."

According to Baribeau, the project employed hundreds of Crees in its construction phase and now will provide skilled positions to Crees who have been training over the last few years in preparation for this phase. The mine opened up for production this past spring and this year is expected to produce between 290,000 and 330,000 ounces of gold. Once it is running at full

capacity come 2018, production is forecast at 500,000 to 600,000 ounces of gold per year.

Currently, the mine employs 1,265 people, with 21% of that workforce self-identifying as Aboriginal.

With the release of the agreement, the Cree public will now be able to see how well it honours their needs and desires and how it benefits the local and regional economy.

"The development of the community is far from being something that is just tied to economic development; it is something that is tied to who the community is in terms of their cultural identity, their language, their vision for their future and their children and everything else," said Baribeau. "All of these things have been taken into consideration as much as possible."

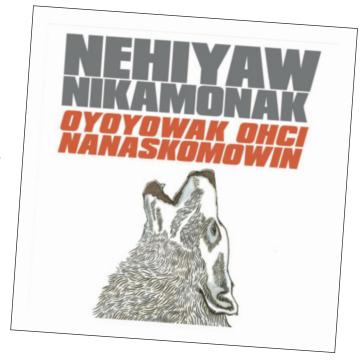
The Opinagow Agreement is Goldcorp's second deal of its kind in Canada, with the first being in northern Ontario. Whether it should be a model is something that only time will tell, as every First Nation has different priorities and realities. What has worked in this instance for the Crees may not work for another First Nation.

"This is the greatest thing because before everybody knew more or less about the agreement, whether or not they were in the Cree world or elsewhere, we did not have forums where we could discuss this openly. This is the first step towards that," said Baribeau.

Music and language

A Cree-language compilation encourages Indigenous language learning

by Jesse Staniforth



There's a lot of tradition in the Cree-language album Nehiyaw Nikamonak: Oyoyowin ohci Nanaskomowin (Cree Songs: Howls from Gratitude), produced by the Northwest Territories Cree Language Program and the NWT Métis Nation. But Kyle Napier, who manages the Cree Language Program, is especially proud of one traditional aspect – it's free.

"Music and language, prior to colonization, that never cost money," Napier told the Nation. "Our people do live with Dene principles, and one of the most important principles is to share. While it says, 'All Rights Reserved,' because all of the songs are included with permission of the artists, it also says 'Reproduction of this album as a learning resource is encouraged.' That's something I feel sets it apart – our program's mandate, we're funded from the Department of Education, Culture, and Employment. We're not allowed to make a profit, and that's great!"

The album was made available for free download on National Aboriginal Day, as part of a set of language tools available from the Cree Language Program's website, which also includes learning tools such as posters, children's books and calendars.

However, listeners would be mistaken if they are looking for an album as a soundtrack for a summer drive with the windows down rather than a language-learning tool. It covers artists from a variety of genres, including A Tribe Called Red, Veronica Johnny from The Johnnys, the Northern Cree Singers, and blues-rock band State of the Art. But

Napier proudly stands by the album's original goal, which was to encourage people to speak Cree.

"There's not a single English word on there," he said. "There are at least two dialects of Cree, predominantly Plains Cree and Bush Cree. Plains Cree is the most widely spoken Indigenous language in Canada. Bush Cree bears a lot of similarities – they're mutually intelligible. You can speak back and forth."

Originating from Fort Smith in the South Slave Region of the Northwest Territories, the album reflects that area's history of pre-colonization Indigenous society in which people had to share languages while travelling rivers and engaging in trade.

"People of our area used to speak between four and seven languages – you had to, if you wanted to travel from community to community through the waterways," Napier said. "People had such diverse linguistic backgrounds."

However, growing up in the south – both in Calgary, and much farther south in Philadelphia – Napier did not have access to the Chippewan and Cree languages in his Métis lineage. Only over the last seven months has he begun to learn the language of his ancestors.

"There are a lot of complex reasons that lead to an Indigenous language not being passed through the generations," he said. "However, we live at the crux of Indigenous language revitalization. Now is the time that our whole communities need to come together – our youth working with our Elders, sharing and trading skills."

Learning a language isn't as hard as people think it is, Napier stressed. It's just something that takes time.

"What we encourage people to do is learn one word a day, and make 200 mistakes a day!" he laughed. "Because as long as you're making mistakes, you're trying and you're learning more than those who are too afraid to make mistakes. You can't be afraid to make mistakes."

Learning the Indigenous language of their ancestors, Napier underlined, gives people the opportunity to reimagine the world in an Indigenous context that applies to them, and it doesn't need to be Cree.

"Cree is the language we work with, but it's about languages that connect people through their identities," he said. "Youth can be working on trans-generational projects, even recording off their phones; their grandparents sharing stories, or their mom and dad, and other Elders. As long as they're breaking bannock and sharing tea and showing their appreciation, I feel there's a lot to be learned, and now's the time to do it. Because the languages are strong now, and as young people we need to be the language leaders so that we can pass them down to the next generations."

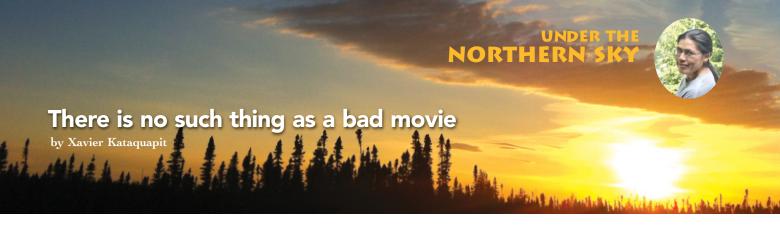


Music and language, prior to colonization, that never cost money.









ost of my non-Native friends find it funny that I can sit through a really bad movie. The fact is that for the first I5 years of my life all I got to see were mostly bad movies. The luxury of having access to new Hollywood blockbusters and quality movies didn't happen for me until I was in my late teens.

I grew up watching television up north in Attawapiskat when we only had four channels. We had CBC, Television Ontario (TVO), a community church channel that broadcast the daily church service and a pirate satellite signal. The pirate satellite signal was an unreliable, intermittent broadcast in the community provided by an anonymous individual who was known to everyone.

Most of these stations didn't run popular movies. Although the church station featured classic hits like Ben-Hur, The Greatest Story Ever Told and Moses, it ran these three movies over and over again. A lot of my childhood friends still use Ben-Hur references when they make jokes to each other. My friends and family often refer to each other as "41", the slave number of Ben-Hur in the film, and everyone gets a laugh at that. The problem is that even when you see good movies too often, they become bad movies.

CBC was known for its news and television shows rather than great movies. TVO featured lots of educational shows that we were not really interested in but it also ran Saturday Night At The Movies with Elwy Yost —

back in those days we didn't really understand what all those classic movies were about.

We wanted action and every once in awhile we would get it with the pirate channel which featured mostly B-movies from the 1970s and 1980s. We didn't even get to see a lot of these B-movies from beginning to end because the signal was unreliable. However, I recall being glued to the tube and savouring every minute of action movies that had to do with the kung-fu karate period, old spaghetti westerns, horror films and lapanese monster flicks like Godzilla. Most of those B-movies had mystery endings for me because the signal would cut out at some point.

I spent so many years watching bad movies that somehow it has diminished my appreciation for quality movies. I will put up with just about anything and I would never walk away from a theatre or a TV set no matter how bad the movie.

These days, every time I turn around, I run into movies. I can watch movies at home on TV through regular cable channels or satellite TV. I can see great movies and bad movies on my computer via the Internet. I can watch films on the run with my tablet and I can even watch a movie on my smartphone. It's raining movies compared to what I grew up with.

Now, you would think, with all these available movies, that I would be more selective about what I watch. But you know what? All I need is a film that gives me a beginning, middle and an end. It is so satisfying that I can finally watch my bad movies from beginning to end.

When I am sitting at home and browsing through all the movies available on Netflix for only a few dollars a month, I realize how far we have come. Our cultures, stories and beliefs are reflected to me just about everywhere I turn through movies. A person could live their entire life in front of a screen these days and I think many do. Documentaries can educate us, motivate us and empower us. Mindless action films are like an antidote for getting too smart and they entertain us and dumb us down. In a surreal way, we can almost live another existence at this point just through watching movies from the past and in the present.

I wonder what the future holds for our movie world with some films being bankrolled by big corporations, including national governments. Then there are all those new first person shooting games that are becoming more visually realistic. Modern video games are becoming more like bad movie shoot-'em-ups that we get to be part of. Perhaps our future in front of a screen might be more about propaganda and less about creativity. I will have to be more careful about what I watch, but – meh – maybe not.



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